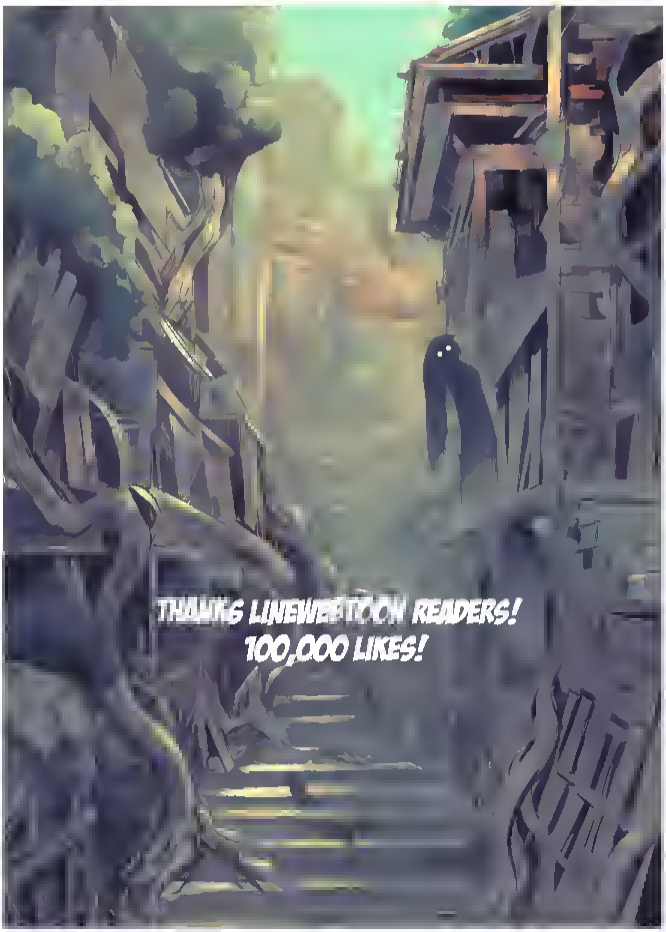
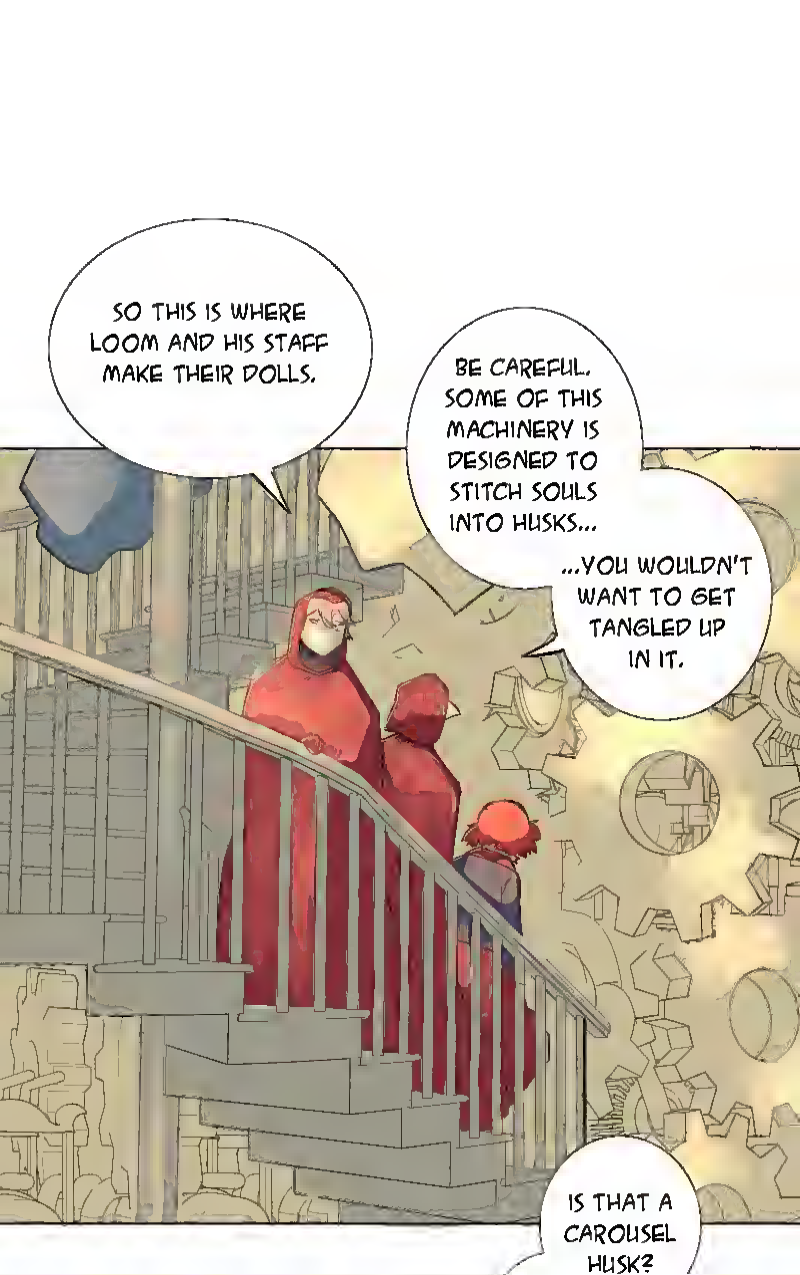
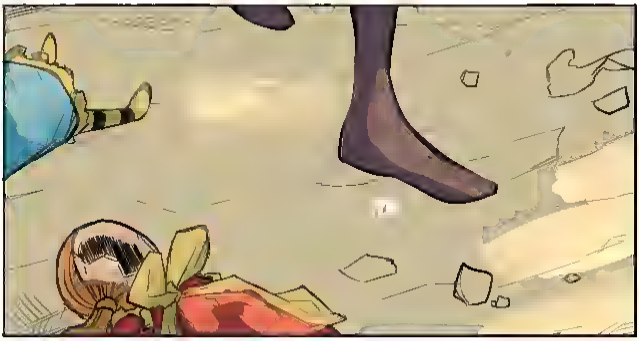

THANKS LINEWEBTOON READERS!
100,000 LIKES!


SO THIS IS WHERE LOOM AND HIS STAFF MAKE THEIR DOLLS.
BE CAREFUL. SOME OF THIS MACHINERY IS DESIGNED TO STITCH SOULS INTO HUSKS...
...YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GET TANGLED UP IN IT.
IS THAT A CAROUSEL HUSK?

IT'S HUGE!

WHAT A MESS! THIS PLACE NEEDS A GOOD SWEEP!



LOOK AT THESE DOLL PARTS...

IT'S LIKE A MORGUE DOWN HERE.

EMPTY BODIES, MISSING THEIR SOULS...
OH, HOW DRAMATIC! ARE YOU ALWAYS LIKE THIS?!
THEY'RE JUST DOLLS! NO, BETTER THAN THAT - THEY'RE HUSKS, AND THEY GIVE LINGERING SPIRITS A PURPOSE!
GHOSTS CAN'T LEAVE THE MORTAL REALM UNTIL THEY'RE DRIED UP. WE'RE JUST

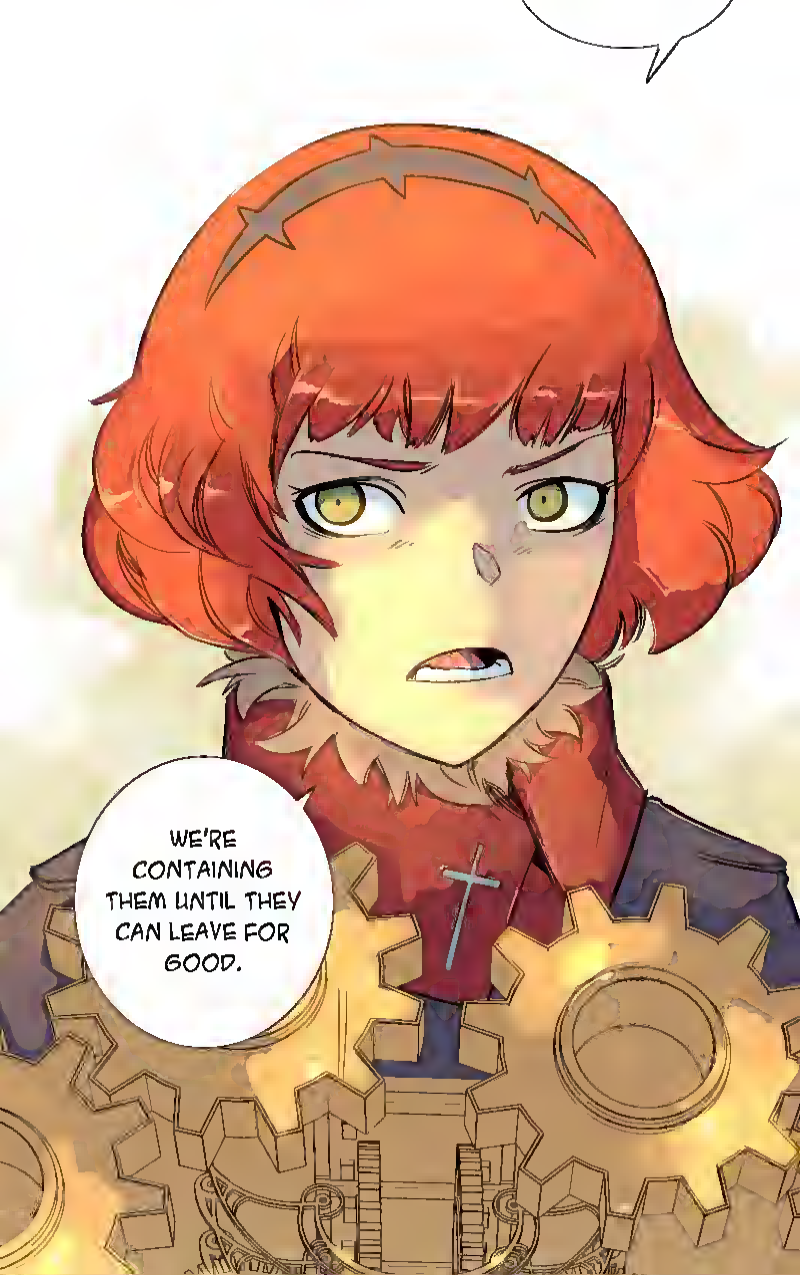
HELPING SPEED UP THE PROCESS...

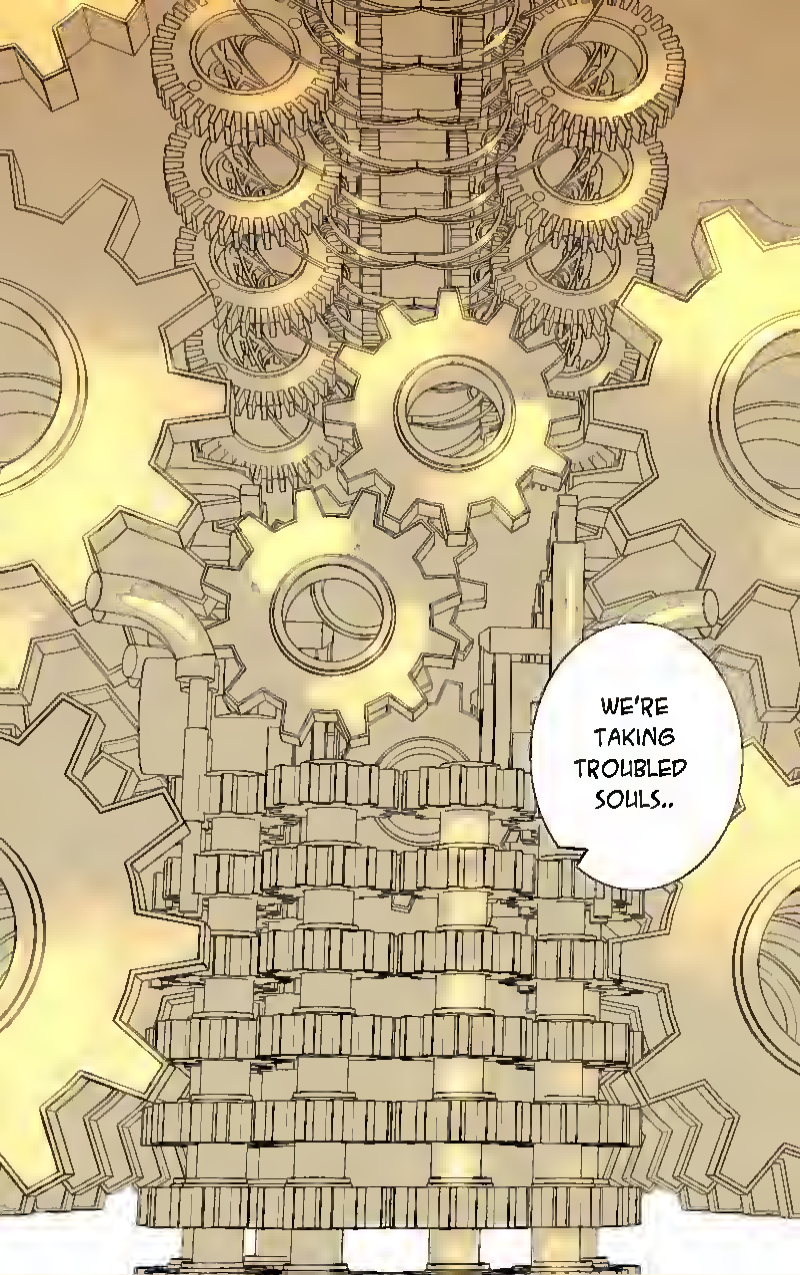
...AND GETTING SOMETHING BACK, IN RETURN!

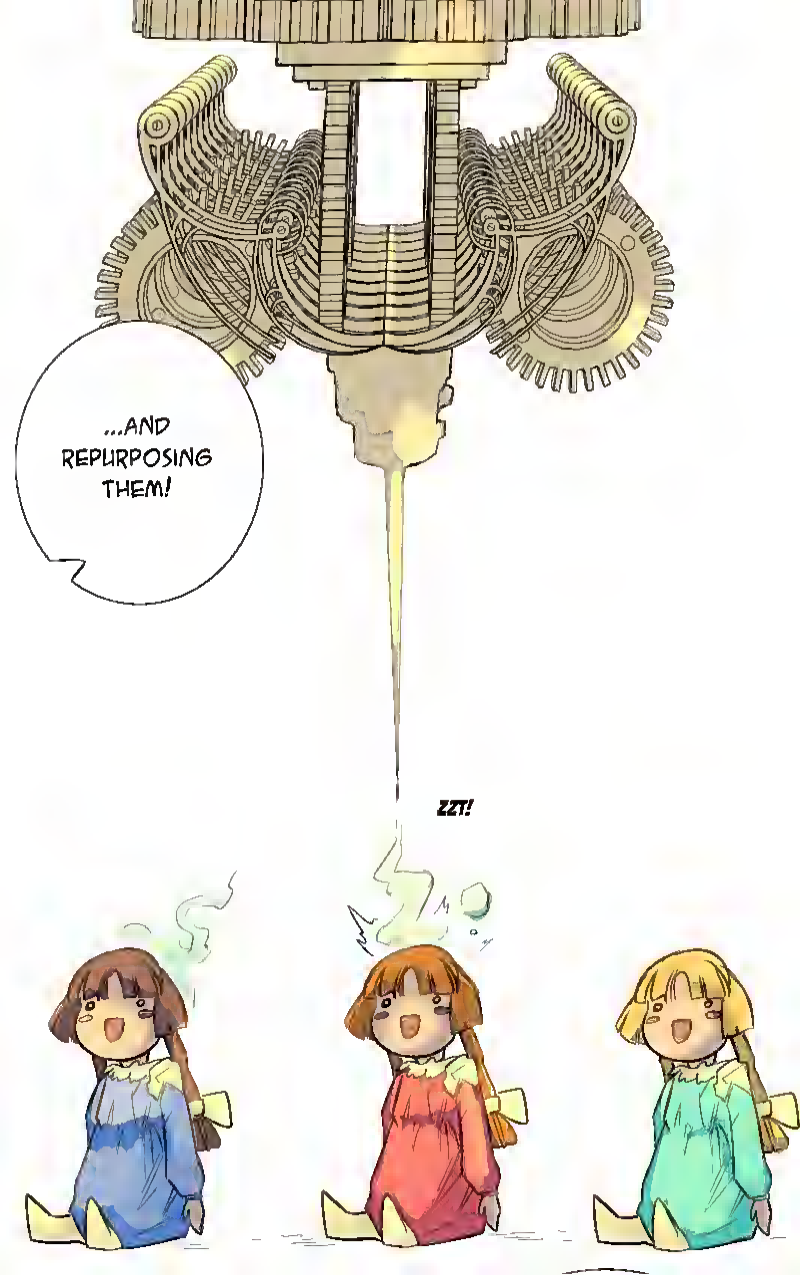
WERE PEOPLE.

AND IF THEY'RE STILL HANGING AROUND AFTER DEATH, IT MEANS THEY WERE DEFECTIVE.

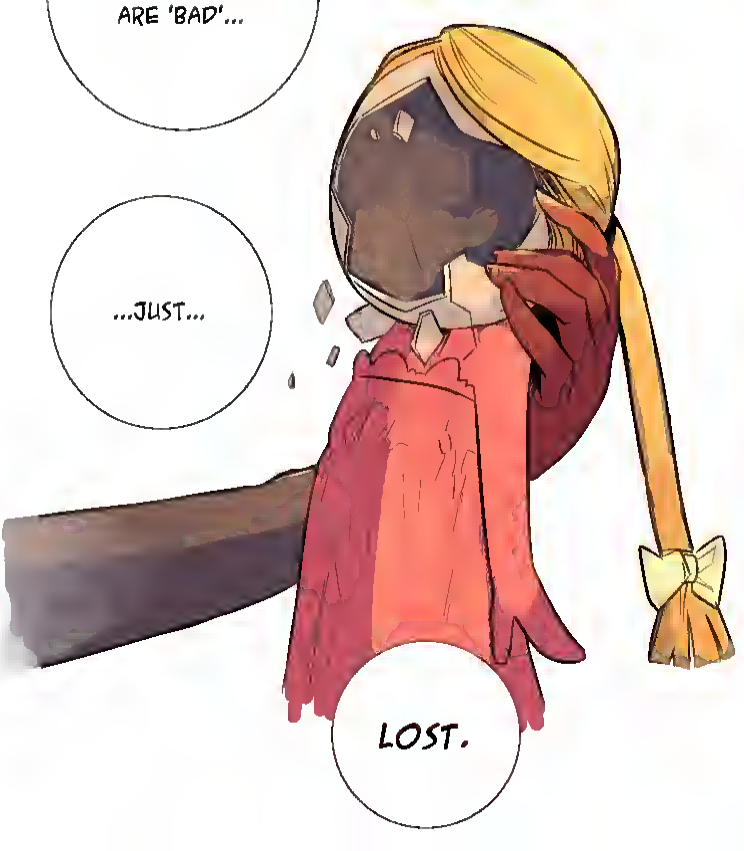
BROKEN.


WE'RE CONTAINING THEM UNTIL THEY CAN LEAVE FOR GOOD.


WE'RE TAKING TROUBLED SOULS..


...AND REPURPOSING THEM!
ZZT!

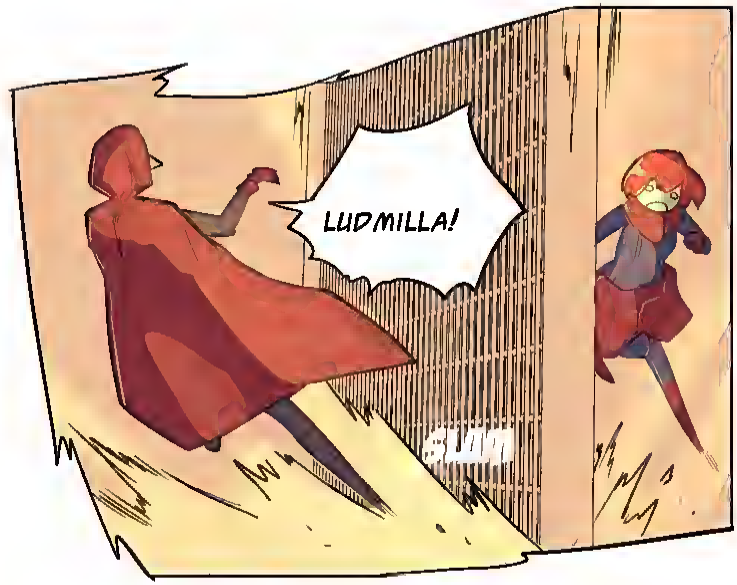
THEY'D JUST BE OUT HAUNTING THINGS AND CAUSING PROBLEMS OTHERWISE. BECAUSE ALL OF THEM, QUITE SIMPLY, ARE BAD.
NO.
I DON'T BELIEVE GHOSTS


ARE 'BAD'...
...JUST...
LOST.

...
POOH!

IN OUR LINE OF WORK, SYMPATHY GETS YOU KILLED.
YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE YOUNG MAN, WREN...
...BUT NICE FOLK IN OUR SORT OF JOB END UP DEAD!

AS DO WE ALL.
HAH?
WHO-
EYES
REA-


LUDMILLA!
SLAM

MASTER ROOK!
SLAM

THEY'RE SPLITTING US UP-
QUICK- WHERE'S THE COMBAT HUSK?
ON WREN'S SIDE!
WREN, TAKE PAI AND-
I'M SORRY TO DO THIS,

SISTER.
WSSHH
DON'T WORRY. YOU WON'T BE HARMED...
MUCH.

SHRIIEKK
EEEEEEE
UGH!
AHH!

PAI!
YOUR SLAVE IS HAVING A NAP. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, CROW?!

HANDS OFF HER, YOU-
NOT SO FAST!

WHAAM
WHAT THE-
A CAROUSEL HUSK?!
DON'T BOTHER BEGGING FOR MERCY.
I'M A SPECTRE...
...WE'RE NOT BIG ON SYMPATHY!

DRRR...
RUNAWAY CAROUSEL...!
I SEE YOU HAVE AN EYE.
BUT WHILE I'M WEARING THIS HUSK YOU CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT AT ME, CROW!
I STILL HAVE THE COMBAT HUSK...

BUT I DON'T THINK WINTER IS STRONG ENOUGH TO USE IT.
I COULD FORCE NOX INTO IT - BUT WHERE'S HE GONE?!
HO!
YOU. YOU'RE THE LEAD CROW HERE, AREN'T YOU.
I'M SALTER. BOSS OF THE FINGERS.

FWOOM
INDEED!

CRACKLE...
THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL, MA'AM...
BUT WE'RE UNDER ORDERS FROM OUR SUPERIOR TO CARRY OUT A REVOLUTION.
AND IN ORDER TO DO THAT... WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOUR BODY!

RISE FROM ASHES